

Vol. III — No. 5

# *The Pathfinder*

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NOVEMBER, 1908

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A. E. Housman,  
Provincial Poet

*By* CORNELIUS WEYGANDT

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# ANNOUNCEMENTS

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Subscriptions for volume three, beginning July, 1908, are fifty cents in advance, and are taken for the complete year only. After October 1 the rate will be 75 cents; after March 1, one dollar. Foreign subscriptions are 25 cents additional.

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# THE PATHFINDER

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With the July number, 1908, THE PATHFINDER begins its third volume. During the year, a new series, *Old Wine to Drink*, by Mr. Allen, including Waller, Herrick, Suckling, Jonson, Lovelace, Campion and Carew, will be added; Dr. Weygandt's series will include, among others, articles on Stevenson, Housman and Newbolt; Mr. Wiley will continue his series dealing with the English Romanticists, and Mr. Rose his criticisms of art and artists. There will be special numbers devoted to Dante, Poe, etc.

THE PATHFINDER contains the following feature articles in Volume II:

1. *The Ballad of the Swineherd*. By BASIL L. GILDERSLEEVE.
2. *William Blake*. By EDWIN WILEY.
3. *William Blake*. (Concluded)
4. *Henry Timrod*. By G. L. SWIGGETT.
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# THE PATHFINDER

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GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

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Contributions are invited from all lovers of good books and high ideals in literature, art and life. The editor disclaims responsibility for the opinions of contributors.

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# The Pathfinder

A monthly magazine in little devoted  
to Art and Literature



GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

IT is planned to be the meeting-place for those who care for the beautiful and permanent things in art and literature; where one may find, selected carefully from the writings of the master-minds of the past, their best thoughts and appreciations of these things; and where the man of to-day, whether scholar, poet, or artist, may give expression to his love for and abiding faith in those personalities, institutions, and things that reflect a serious purpose and lofty ideal.

The first volume of the little journal was concluded in June, 1907. The publishers are more than justified with the moral support it has received. Among the leading American poets and essayists who have contributed to its pages are D. C. Gilman, R. U. Johnson, Edwin Mims, D. K. Dodge, J. R. Hayes, J. G. Neihardt, Edith M. Thomas, G. B. Rose, F. W. Allen, W. P. Shepard, Clyde Furst, C. H. Page, Edwin Wiley, G. L. Swiggett, Ludwig Lewisohn, Clinton Scollard, E. C. Litsey, Jeannette Marks, Charlotte Porter, Estelle Duclou, Fanny Runnells Poole, S. M. Peck, and B. L. Gildersleeve.

It is our desire to gain in this simple undertaking the interest and support of all who may feel the need of such a publication, and who understand that we shall not be adding another to a list of "periodicals of individuality and protest" which is probably large enough already. During the past year you have received one or more sample copies of *THE PATHFINDER*. To make the journal a financial success, we must materially increase its subscription. May we not, therefore, beg your cordial co-operation and enlist your support and influence among your friends?

In order to gain your interest, we have decided to present to anyone sending in four subscriptions (\$2) a copy of Emerson's *Essay on Compensation*. The essay has an appropriate introductory note by Professor Lewis Nathaniel Chase, of the department of English in Indiana University. It is set up in beautiful old style type and printed on paper of antique finish, and bound with wrapper covers. It is a good example of dignified bookmaking.

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Vol. III]

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## *A NOVEMBER SONG*

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

Lo, the sere-leaf-crowned November,  
With her wind-disheveled hair,  
And one frosted aster-ember  
Clutched within her withered hand !  
Only dream-wise we remember  
That the bleak earth once was fair,  
With this pilgrim melancholy,  
With this votaress of Despair,  
Like the midnight wraith of Folly,  
Wandering down the ruined land.

Gone the fires upon the altars ! —  
(How they blazed in red and gold !)  
Mark the lorn one as she falters,  
Buffeted and blind with rain !  
Gone the thrush's lyric psalters  
That we hearkened to of old !  
Yet across the dark and distance,  
Aye, across the dearth and cold,  
Drifts, with magical insistence,  
The divine Aprilian strain.

*A. E. HOUSMAN, PROVINCIAL POET**By CORNELIUS WEYGANDT*

It is twelve years now since Mr. Alfred Edward Housman enjoyed a brief hey-day of popularity in England for his *Shropshire Lad*. Two years later, in 1898, on transferring the little volume to another publisher, there was a general and genuine recognition of his new-old reading of life and of his power, so rare among modern poets, of saying much in a few words, and both perspicuously and musically. Since then one of our cheaper American magazines has republished many of the verses of a *Shropshire Lad*, but cultivated America generally has paid scant heed to the beauty and significance of his poems. Our neglect of him is strange, because his verses are full of just that sort of epigrammatic saying that so delights the typical Yankee. Many a couplet like

Malt does more than Milton can  
To justify God's ways to man,

sticks in the memory of the American country-store philosopher, either in his pristine state or, when raised to a higher power, he discourses as professional humorist in some newspaper or



magazine. Our street orators who plead for better times in this life, since there is doubt of the future life, might well end their harangues with

In all the endless road you travel  
There's nothing but the night.

And how many of us, fabled optimists that we are, would not subscribe to his

But play the man, stand up and end you,  
When your sickness is your soul.

Perhaps, however, it is just this,—that because Mr. Housman is on the whole pessimistic even his eminently quotable quality has not made him as well known as Mr. Kipling or Mr. Phillips or Mr. Yeats. Perhaps, again, it is this very proverbial quality that seems, at first glance, to render commonplace his poems, that has kept from him the few who really care for poetry.

These few might well wonder how a professor of Latin can be a poet. Mr. Housman holds the chair of Latin at University College, London. Before that, *Who's Who* tells us, he was in the Patent Office at London, whither he had passed from St. John's College, Oxford. His poems tell us plainly of a boyhood in Shropshire, his share of England, which in his smaller way, he has made memorable as Wordsworth has made

Westmoreland memorable. Just as the Lake Country and Mr. Hardy's Wessex called me so that of all England they were the parts I must see, so now does Mr. Housman's Shropshire call me to the

. . . valleys of springs of rivers,  
By Ony and Teme and Clun,  
The country for easy livers,  
The quietest under the sun.

It is Shropshire that has made Mr. Housman a poet, not his studies as commentator of the Latin erotic group. There is scarcely a trace of their influence in his writing. They doubtless came into his life later, when he was less impressionable. It would be wonderful, if with his much editing and reviewing, he could have found the leisure for the brooding out of which his poetry has so surely come. It is more than likely that he has not found such leisure in his maturer years, for he has published few verses since 1896; there are many signs that the verses of a *Shropshire Lad* are partly records of a boyhood remembered and cherished in less happy years and partly veritable boyish verses, pigeonholed but preserved. Mr. Housman owns in the last poem of his little volume that his verses were not "the wear" of their time. He

evidently had them by him sometime before he published them. The very best of them, I should say, are the oldest, the expression of youth, of the period between a happy boyhood and manhood's acceptance of things as they are.

There is something of the green-sickness of early youth in these verses, but more often they express the state of mind of the young man disillusioned and just passing out of the resentfulness against the scheme of things that follows disillusionment.

It is inevitable, of course, to compare his verses with Mr. Hardy's, who has never lost his resentment against nature for her cruelty. Mr. Housman is but seldom so bitterly resentful, generally accepting what must be with a certain stoical heartiness, but sometimes wistful, as men of all ages are, over the inevitability of change and death. Mr. Housman does not know what is beyond the grave, and what is here this side of it is none too good, but the good we do know he would have us enjoy as heartily as man can. His doctrine might be reduced to "Gather ye rosebuds while we may," but sung far from jocundly. His hearty comradeship, another quality that leads to the belief that these poems are a record of youth, a comradeship not

selfish, not alone for the pleasure to him in his friends, but a comradeship for service as well, militates against a reading of his poems as a declaration of "eat, drink and be merry," and nothing more. The Shropshire lad would be of help to his fellows "ere the end of all." Sometimes his only thought is of self, and some of his poems are possible only because of an intense preoccupation with self, as it is with so much of lyrical poetry. In his little poem on *Cherryblow at Easter* there is nothing but the poet and the beauty of the countryside. This poem closes on a simple, wistful thought, strange and deep for a boy of twenty, who, as Emerson has written, does not really believe he will ever die. He looks forward to his allotted span of three score and ten in this wise :

Since to look at things in bloom  
Fifty years are little room,  
About the country I will go  
To see the cherry hung with snow.

Youthlike, his moods veer many ways. Now he laments the brevity of life and now he finds it scarce worth the living—

Wonder 'tis how little mirth  
Keeps the bones of men from lying  
On the bed of earth.



In like Hardylike mood he cries out :

Ay, look : high heaven and earth ail from the prime  
foundation ;

All thoughts to rive the heart are here and all the vain :  
Horror and scorn and hate and fear and indignation —  
Oh why did I awake ? When shall I sleep again ? ”

It is the Shropshire lad's belief that though friendship and love, like all things human, are frail, you must needs hold to them, to friendship, to keep you brave, to “love to keep you clean.” Ironic almost always, Mr. Housman accepts the ironic as natural, but at times it is so overpowering he cannot smile it out. The tears will spring, the wounded heart bleed.

To the man who thus sees life it is natural that external nature, the hills, the trees, the skies, should bring forgetfulness of human pain but it is only forgetfulness for the moment, for Shropshire is a long-settled land where many places are memorable for their old feuds, the wrongs done there from Roman times down the centuries, and so the wanderer about its ways will, despite himself, have his thoughts brought back to man, and “what man has made of man.” And then “the blue remembered hills” of Shropshire are to Mr. Housman the symbol of vanished youth, and ever suggestive of

personal memories. So no poem is without its human chord, and the note dominant in that chord is that "of the ancient sorrow of man."

Soldiers of to-day are to Mr. Housman as often inspiration as are old wars. So, too, are soldiers to Mr. Kipling and to Mr. Hardy. Mr. Housman, however, does not follow his soldiers to the field. They are to him boyhood friends whom duty calls away; they are the lads "from the barn and the forge and the mill and the fold" that have taken the shilling, in no wise different from other Shropshire lads. As I read these poems the life of the countryside rises before me—its simple love stories but sad; its natural quarrels that end in murder; and not only things with the accent of tragedy but prosaic things, that only insight and irony prevent from remaining prosaic. Mr. Housman tells his emotions or the stories of his fellows with all the simplicity of folk-song, a simplicity that is the perfect expression of the life he has to portray. And as is befitting in a youth's revelation of youth, spring skies are over all; his people and their countryside are illumined with the light, tender and austere, of early April in a northland.

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*POEMS**By WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD**THE POET OF GALILEE*

## I.

Gods of the south and the north,  
Gods of the east and the west,  
Ye that arise and come forth  
On the good quest—  
Out of a wonderful place,  
Out of the pregnant gloom,  
Out of the soul of the race,  
Out of humanity's womb,  
Fed on humanity's breast,  
On the stars and the sea,  
Treading unsoiled the Augean  
World and its primitive slime that so  
    often befouls such as we,  
*Cleansers with lyric and pæan :*  
Praise be to all! but to thee,  
Praise above praise, Galilean! . . .  
Even from me.

## II.

Gods of the coasts and the isles,  
Gods of the hill and the plain,  
Who with your beautiful smiles  
Come not in vain—  
Out of a wonderful place,  
Out of the smoke and the fire,  
Out of the soul of the race,  
Out of its upward desire,  
Nurtured with pleasure and pain,

—  
 With the rock and the tree,  
 Loosening us from the Circean  
 Drink and the cloven-hoofed beast that  
     too often degrades such as we,  
*Restorers through song empyrean*  
 Praise be to all!—but to thee,  
 Praise above praise, Galilean! . . .  
 Even from me.

## III.

Gods, O our cleansers, restorers,  
 Coming as lovers to greet,  
 Of the wine for our lips the outpourers,  
 Of the waters for hands and for feet!  
 When our knees to the sly Cytherean  
 Were bowed in libidinous rite,  
 When our eyes with the tears Niobeian  
 Were wet on a desolate night,  
 When we craved the ignoble Lethean  
 Banks for our sin or our grief,  
 Then ye came!—and O thou, Galilean,  
 Camest the swiftest and chief.  
 And ye kindled the radiant fountains  
 Of flame, like a swift borealis,  
 In the Mediterranean mountains,  
 On the Mexican's grim teocallis;  
 And they who were near, by your high light  
 Saw upon earth a new stream,  
 Where golden cities your sky light  
 Returned, beam for beam  
 (Even I, who was far, in your twilight  
 Dreamed a new dream).  
 And ever the vision of fire  
 Gendered new fire in men  
 (As the sudden song of a lyre



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Wakes us to singing again) —  
*O ye that reveal and inspire*  
 Praise and amen! —  
 But io! and praise hymenean  
 And palms, dewy-fresh and unfurled,  
 At sunrise to thee, Galilean,  
 Light of the world!

## IV.

Gods, because more than all others,  
 Gods, because men at man's worth,  
 Ye, both our masters and brothers,  
*Poets of earth!*  
 Out of a wonderful place,  
 Out of the ancient Design,  
 Out of the soul of the race,  
 Out of the nameless Divine,  
 Fed on the past and its dearth,  
 Fed on the fulness to be,  
 Whether from Ind, or Aegean,  
 Jordan, or Tiber, or waters that flow  
     through our land to the sea,  
*Saviors from aeon to aeon:*  
 Praise be to all! — but to thee,  
 Praise above praise, Galilean! . . .  
 Even from me.

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*TRANSLATIONS FROM CATULLUS*

## LI.

Like to a god he seems to me,  
 O more than god, if that may be,  
 The man who, seated next to thee,  
     Gazes, and hears

Thy laugh of love that snatched away  
 My soul and sense: for on the day  
 I saw thee, lady, voice could say  
     Not any word;

But tongue grew stark, and thro my frame  
 Fed unforeseen a subtle flame,  
 And rang my ears, and eyes became  
     Veiled, as in night.

## XXVI

Your country-house is not exposed  
 To any blustering gale —  
 But, since your mortgagees foreclosed,  
     It's now exposed for sale:  
 And *this* exposure, none can doubt,  
 Is likely, friend, to freeze you out.

## VIII.

Wretched Catullus, play the fool no more:  
 The lost is lost, the dead forever dead —  
 White were the suns that gleamed for you yore,  
 When roamed your footsteps where your lady led,  
 O loved by us as none was loved before:  
 O then I spoke those playful words so dear  
 That then my lady loved so well to hear —  
 White were the suns that gleamed for you of yore.

She wishes them no more; and 'tis for you,  
 Poor weakling, now to cease to wish them too.  
 No longer strive to follow what will flee:  
 No longer live the wretch you've lived to be.  
 But now with steadfast mind, be calm and bear.  
 Farewell, my child, Catullus now is strong;  
 He will not ask nor seek you anywhere  
 Unbidden more.

But you shall grieve for long,  
When none will ask. O what a life is there,  
Miscreant woman. Who will come, ah who  
Hereafter? Unto whom shall you be fair?  
Who now will love? To whom shall you belong?  
Whom will you kiss? and bite whose lips!—  
But you  
Catullus, still remember to be strong.

## XXXI.

O my gem of almost-islands and of islands, Sirmio,  
Whatsoever, wheresoever lucid inland waters flow,  
Wheresoever out in ocean sun may shine or wind may  
blow!  
O how gladly, O how madly I rejoice again to be  
(After all the Asian lowlands wandered over wearily)  
Here at last, my little island, safe at last with home and  
thee!  
What so dear as cares completed when the mind lays  
down the load,  
And the way-worn feet that wandered take again the  
homeward road;  
And upon the bed we longed for we can go to sleep  
again—  
O alone reward enough for all the labor, all the pain!  
Hail, my Sirmio, the lovely, greet your master and be  
gay;  
Greet him, all ye Lydian billows, plashing up the sands  
at play—  
With your laughter greet Catullus, back again with you  
to-day.

*ASPECTS OF COVENTRY PATMORE**By* JULIAN PARK

"I see enough of the papers and reviews to know that I am not, and never have been, in the 'fashion,' but I suppose that this is no true criterion."

In such wise did Coventry Patmore sum up his own position in literature, and his judgment is the keener because he recognized so readily his own limitations. Yet what is there, in the small number of poems that he has left, that makes them as enduring as the race itself? He had no great or new truths to give the world; no intellectual mission to perform. If his fame is to live it will be not as teacher but as poet; not because he has exerted any lasting influence on the course of events, or even because of the essential truth of his convictions, but because of the intensity of his emotion and his perfect mastery of poetic form.

Coventry Kersey Dighton Patmore, though he holds such a unique position, is perhaps most closely associated with three contemporary poets. He was born a year after Arnold and five years before Rossetti, and died within a few weeks of William Morris. The boyhood of



Patmore seems to have been irregular and free, for he was subjected to none of the usual discipline of family life. After a year spent as an assistant in the British Museum, he married Emily Andrews,—a union termed by Mr. Champneys as of the highest importance in the poet's life, both emotional and intellectual: a revelation to him of womanhood at its nearest approach to perfection. The years of mourning following her death, in 1862, were the brooding time of his highest poetry—*The Angel in the House*, *The Unknown Eros*, and in particular the exceedingly pathetic *Toys* and *The Azalea*, with which it shall be our concern to deal more fully.

Shortly after his wife's death, occurred at Rome the most important single event of his life. His impressions, indeed, of that city and of its religious atmosphere were distinctly unfavorable; the idealist had been at work within him and had formed a dream-picture, highly coloured, majestic, of a celestial city, which modern Rome cruelly mocked. But his prejudices were not long in giving way before the attractions of the genial circle which the name of his friend Cardinal Manning opened. According to the poet, indeed, the Cardinal's pros-

elytism had retarded a conversion toward which he had already long been prone.

After his marriage and his conversion—the influence of which is plainly to be recognized upon his work—his life became thoroughly ordered in quiet places, and the next ten years were spent as a husbandman on his estate of Heron's Ghyl. The third period takes us to 1891 and includes his prose, which—if we should have time to discuss it—we must remember was undertaken only under protest.

By the death of his son and daughter, who mingle—especially the latter—in their own verses an intensity of religious fervour and a remarkable lyrical gift, which prove them to be inherited, the poet's family again dwindled, and late in life he married for the third time, taking his family, in 1891, to Hampshire. The fourth period of his life is of six years duration, tedious years of great bodily suffering. Pain did not daunt him, but he was ready for the end.

It is essential for intelligent criticism that we understand at the outset the nature of the emotion which has inspired his poetry, and by its combined delicacy and fervour made him, more than any other save Spenser no doubt, the poet's poet. Primarily, perhaps, it is a yearning,

intense yet hopeless, for the realization of his ideal of things eternal and unseen, which may have led him to seek expression in conversion to Romanism. Shelley's stanzas to Keats in *Adonais* might well be applied to Patmore:

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;  
    Envy and calumny, and hate, and pain,  
And that unrest which men miscall delight  
    Can touch him not, and torture not again.

Undoubtedly his great inspiration toward this ideal is the pure and platonic love which he conceives as the longing of our ideal self. For Coventry Patmore there was an unspeakable peace in thus communing with the infinite. In such a spirit the 'magnum opus,' *The Angel in the House*, was conceived. The cry of natural passion of love in poetry is struck in an entirely new manner, a manner peculiarly his own: touched not so much with natural sensuousness as with a fire of divine purity, like one who had seen in her whom he loved a vision of the heavenly host. And he was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision, for it is recorded thus:

And when we knelt she seemed to be  
    An angel teaching me to pray;  
And all through the high liturgy  
    My spirit rejoiced without allay,

—  
Being, for once, borne clearly above  
All banks and bars of ignorance  
By this bright spring-tide of pure love,  
And floated in a free expanse,  
Whence it could see from side to side,  
The obscurity from every part  
Winnowed away and purified  
By the vibrations of my heart.

To understand completely the significance and spirit of this work, we must have a brief outline before us. It is simple enough. A poet has divulged to his wife on their wedding anniversary that it was his purpose to compose a poem of entirely new character. Quoting from Mr. Gosse's synopsis, we see how "Dean Churchill, a widower, brings up in stately decorum three lovely daughters. The poet, Vaughan, is overwhelmed by the charm of their mellowing graces, but fortunately the clouds of radiance clear away and he sees Honoria obviously sweeter than her sisters. The course of love flows as smooth as the sleepy river of Avon among its water-lilies."

We must remember that, since he wrote the *Angel*, Patmore's life had served to deepen and intensify both thought and feeling; his ear, also, had gained in accuracy. What he later presented in his Odes approached more nearly the



ideal of poetry as regards purely the form, and for that reason his audience was likely to be limited to a select few. In the case of the Odes, the appeal was peculiarly to lovers of poetry as such; but the *Angel* won many readers who were simply touched by the sentiment and the story. Not all readers of poetic masterpieces love verse for its poetic quality alone;—few can drink of the Pierian spring undiluted. Those readers who liked sentiment saw that the poem was simple, and they rejoiced in its simplicity without troubling themselves to realize that the writer's purpose was more intricate.

But Patmore's emotions were not all confined to the other sex. His first wife had left him a large family, and the responsibility for these young orphans was most trying to the poet's nerves. During a painful mood at this time he penned the exquisite ode called *The Toys*, which, better than any of the other short pieces, best illustrates his simple pathos:

My little Son, who looked from thoughtful eyes  
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,  
Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,  
I struck him, and dismissed  
With hard words and unkissed,  
His Mother, who was patient, being dead.

Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,  
I visited his bed,  
But found him slumbering deep,  
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet  
From his late sobbing wet.  
And I, with moan,  
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;  
For, on a table drawn beside his head,  
He had put, within his reach,  
A box of counters, and a red-veined stone,  
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,  
And six or seven shells,  
A bottle with bluebells,  
And two French copper coins, ranged there with  
careful art,  
To comfort his sad heart.  
So when that night I prayed  
To God, I wept, and said:  
' Ah! when at last we lie with tranced breath,  
Not vexing Thee in death,  
And Thou rememberest of what toys  
We made our joys,  
How weakly understood  
Thy great commanded good.  
Then, fatherly not less  
Than I, whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,  
Thou 'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,  
"I will be sorry for their childishness." '

And so we have considered, all too briefly,  
one aspect of this three-sided poet. The second  
phase may best be introduced by a quotation  
from his diary: "August 23, 1862.—Last night  
I dreamt that she was dying: awoke with un-

speakable relief to find it was a dream; but a moment after to remember that she was dead."

Six weeks before this entry occurred, Emily Patmore had died. It was highly characteristic of the poet that when he came to deal with this reflex action in a dream, he should do so symbolically. The result is his most perfect ode, *The Azalca*. If at times we are baffled by his mysticism, his symbolism, we must remember that the trouble is due not so much to obscurity as to certain peculiarities of style that only momentarily elude us—eccentricities which have puzzled critics of many a greater poet: Shelley, Wordsworth, Browning;—he is not a word-twister like Meredith or Browning; he is merely a master of new and Patmorean metres. Even if his mysticism is at times baffling, let us not, yielding to the charm of his music, be whirled on regardless of meaning.

Many who, by either mastering his mysticism or by overcoming his difficulties of style, have gained the right to criticise, hold that the analogy of human and divine love has been occasionally carried beyond the proper bounds. But all critics find a common point of agreement in his lyrical gift. Patmore was a close and accurate student of poetic form. Indeed, he

even declared that on occasion, form was of even greater value than substance—a claim which he embodied into his most important prose work, *Metrical Law* (1857). In the use of metre he showed great ingenuity as well as variety, and one of his earliest poems, *Night and Sleep*, fills up in a single line of the octave (the seventh) the pause implied at the end of the other seven.

To write a lovely song, perfect in substance and form, says Stopford Brook, is one of the rare things of the world. Sometimes, when blood runs red and enthusiasm is high, a man will write a single immortal song, and no more. But to have the divine gift to write many perfect songs, belongs only to the muse's elect. Patmore, however, was aided by just the elements in his character to produce one or two perfect songs. He lived apart, in a visionary world, in a world of music, of flowers, of beauty and love, where all things sang: where the music in his *world* was attuned to the music in his *soul*.

It was no wonder, then, that he wrote lyrics. No wonder, then, that he was a natural lyricist, that he could pen such lines as these, in which the emotion and metrical movement alike are like the eyes and the dancing of a musical child:

Two little children, seeing and hearing,  
Hand in hand wander, shout, laugh, and sing;  
Lo! in their bosoms, wild with the marvel,  
Love, like the crocus, is come ere the spring.

Ah, but the glory, found in no story,  
Radiance of Eden unquenched by the Fall,  
Few may remember, none may reveal it,  
This the First-love, the first love of all.

Coventry Patmore lived till he over was seventy: always quiet, always unfamed, always happy. William Blake once said to a lady who had been introduced to him in his old age: "May God make this world, my child, as beautiful to you as it has been to me." Patmore once said: "Julian Hawthorne came and smoked with me yesterday. You should have heard him talk about the Odes. 'You must have been happy to have written that,' he said when I had finished reading *Amelia*, and I thought—I had." No poet who turns out a quantity of mediocre work can take much pride or happiness in his productions. Pride preserved Patmore from going on for a single moment after he was aware that the sudden inspiration had vanished. To the 1886 edition of his complete works he prefaced the manly simplicity of this unvarnished avowal:

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I have written little, but it is all my best; I have never spoken when I had nothing to say, nor spared time or labour to make my words true. I have respected posterity, and, should there be a posterity which cares for letters, I dare to hope that it will respect me.

I have not touched upon his limitations as a poet, nor have I attempted to seat him among the immortals. What I have tried to do is simply to mention those three of his poetic characteristics which stand out most prominently. Tennyson and Morris, though dead not longer than the subject of this sketch, have yet their places already fixed in English literature; and the fame of even living poets, such as Stephen Phillips and Swinburne, is apparently assured. But with Coventry Patmore the time has not yet come for unbiased judgment.

Whatever his faults, he has his own peculiar place in the long roll of English poets, and it is a place unique and select. His readers will always be few, but those who love him love him well.



## Recent Publications

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M. R. RINEHART.—*The Circular Staircase*. Merely a mystery story, but an exceptionally clever one. From cover to cover, interest never abates. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1908.

C. E. CRADDOCK.—*The Fair Mississippian*. Miss Murfree has furnished her tale of plantation life in Mississippi with enough mystery and thrilling incident to make a popular book. Its real charm, however, lies in the delineation of the main characters and the picture of plantation environment. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1908.

ESTHER SINGLETON.—*Handbook to the Standard Galleries of Holland*. An indispensable little book on Dutch art in its principal galleries. The writer supplements her own intimate knowledge with the opinions of the foremost critics and prepares the reader, with brief life sketches and beautiful illustrations, for the enjoyment of Dutch life and art. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1908.

CHARLOTTE PORTER and HELEN A. CLARKE.—*Coriolanus, Taming of the Shrew, Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Three additional volumes to the excellent First Folio Reprint Series. Each play contains introduction, notes, discussion of sources and composition, glossary, variorum readings and selected criticism. The edition is sure to become a favorite. Its usefulness for college study goes without saying. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. 1908.

C. H. CAFFIN.—*The Appreciation of the Drama*. The publishers in this volume complete their uniformly excellent Appreciation Series in painting, sculpture, architecture, literature, music and the drama. Without disparagement one can say that this is the most interesting. From the standpoint of the modern play-goer, the author discusses the development of the play and the change in stage, audience and actor from classical times. His dramaturgic suggestions are simple and to the point, and should stimulate and create a more general interest in the greater drama. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 1908.

THERE are at all times two literatures in progress, running side by side, but little known to each other; the one real, the other only apparent. The former grows into permanent literature; it is pursued by those who live *for* science or poetry; its course is sober and quiet, but extremely slow; and it produces in Europe scarcely a dozen works in a century; these, however, are permanent. The other kind is pursued by persons who live *on* science or poetry; it goes at a gallop, with much noise and shouting of partisans; and every twelve month puts a thousand works on the market. But after a few years one asks, Where are they? Where is the glory which came so soon and made so much clamour? This kind may be called fleeting, and the other, permanent literature.

—ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER.